WHEN MALINDY SINGS.

By Paul Dunbar.

Ain't you nevah hyead Malindy?
  Blessed soul, tak' up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
  Well, you don't know what you los';
Y' ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
  Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
  When Malindy sings.

She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
  "Come to Jesus," twell you hyeah
Sinnahs' tremblin' steps and voices,
  Timid-lak a-drawin' neah;
Den she tu'ns to "Rock of Ages,"
  Simply to de Cross she clings,
An' you fin' you' teahs a-drappin'
  When Malindy sings.

Oh, hit's sweetah dan de music
  Of an edicated band;
An' hit's dearah dan de battle's
  Song o' triumph in de lan'.
It seems holier dan evenin'
  When the solemn church bell rings,
Ez I sit an' ca'mly listen
  When Malindy sings.

Towsah, stop dat ba'kin, hyeah me!
  Mandy, mek dat chile keep still;
Don't you hyeah de echoes callin'
  F'om de valley to de hill?
Let me listen, I can hyeah it,
  Th'oo de bresh of angels' wings,
Sof' an' sweet "Swing low, sweet chariot,"
  Ez Malindy sings.

ON A NORTHWEST PRAIRIE.

Ah, yes; de lak' sparkle an' look 'appy een de sun; but dat water don' know; eet don' 'unerstan'.

I tell you 'ow de story 'appen.

One day, Philippe, my 'usban', say at me: "Josephe, tak' de egg an' de butter an' sell dem on de Anglismen dat live roun' de lak'."

Dose men com' off Anglan', an' tink dey mak' de farm; but dey shoot, an' fish, an' drive on de prairie, an' let deir crop grow as 'e please.

My 'ouse was seex mile off, an' dere was de lon' drive roun' de lak'.

W'en I com near dees plas' I see one tent, an' I tink I fin' som' Injun. But praysonly, I see on de grass one w'ite woman, an' she 'af de lofely face, an' de long hair fall roun' 'er an' shine een de sun.

W'en she 'ear de wagon she sit up an' look at me. Den she lean by one tree, an' cry an' cry.

I zhump from my wagon an' say: "W'at ees de trobl' of you?"

Den she cry: "I so glad, so glad for see you. I t'ink I never see one woman som' more. I t'ink my 'eart brak' w'en I lie 'ere all de day so lon'som'."

I look roun' an' I say, "W'ere ees somebody? W'y dey leave you so lonesome?"

Den she say: "My 'usban go way for shoot an' for fish all day, an' 'e don' un'erstan' dat I'll be frighten an' lon'some."

After w'ile, she tell me de story of 'ersev.

She did live on Angland wid fader, modder, sister, brodder, an' many people com' een deir 'ome.

Bimeby, she promise for marry wid one yong man; an' firs' 'e com' on Canada wid 'eemsev, an' 'e write many letter of de lofely prairie, an' 'ow she be 'appy in dis plas' wid 'eem.

Den 'e com back on Angland an' marry wid 'er, an' she leave 'er people. She miss dem, but she try for be 'appy wid 'eem.

W'en dey arrife on Canada, an' go by de city, an' de town, an' de farm, she t'ink she like de contry. But dey com far an' more far, an' go t'rough de prairie w'ere dere's no tree, no water, an' her eye grow tire'. After w'ile, dere's no more train, no more car; an' dey drive een de wagon, far an' more far, an' she see no 'ouse, no people. Den 'er 'eart feel lonsome; but she try for seem 'appy.

At las' dey arrife by dis plas', an' she see som tree, an' de lofely lak'; but dere's no 'ouse; dere's nodding but de tent, an' one man stan' near by an' smoke.

Den 'er 'usban' say: "We stop 'ere."

She say: "W'ere ees de 'ouse?"

'E say: "Dat teat ees my 'ouse, an' you 'ave no trobl' for 'ousekeep. Sometime Tom, dat man, 'elp you w'en 'e's not busy."

She say: "W'ere ees de woman for 'elp me?"

'E say, "No woman live near dis plas'. Dose lady dat com from Angland an' live on de prairie be glad for work, an' 'elp deir 'usban'."

She spik not, but go een de tent. Dat tent was dirty, so dirty; bacos de man, Tom, don' trobl' for wash tings, an' de pot and pan; de blanket an' de coat, lie all roun'.

She was tire', for dey drive far; she was col', for de fros' was yet een de groun'; she was hongry, but she know she eat not w'en tings look like dat. So de tear com' een 'er eye.

Dat mak' 'er 'usband angry, an' 'e say, "I never tink you was dat kin' of woman. Odder men 'af de brave wife dat 'elp dem."

Den she sit on de groun', and' cry like 'er 'eart brak.

Den 'e grow more angry, an' go way off on de prairie.

De man, Tom, feel sorry, an' 'e ask 'er eef she not know she mus' live een one tent. An' she say she never know dat. She tink she live een one 'ouse, w'ere odder people live near.

Den Tom mak' de fire, an' fry de pork an' de potates, an' mak' some tea, an' 'e say, "You feel better w'en you eat somding."

She try for eat, but de pork was fat, an' de potates swim een de grease; so she t'ank eem, but say she feel too seeck for eat. But she drink de tea an' feel better.

De nex' day she ache all over. She eat nodding; she walk not, for de groun' ees damp, de tent ees damp. An' at de firs' 'er 'usban' ees sorry; but bimeby 'e grow tire' for tak' care of 'er and' 'e say, "Dere's no good een life eef one man mus' stay by de tent all day." An' w'en she grow not strong 'e leave 'er day by day alone wid 'ersev.

Before I go from 'er dat day I cook for 'er de poash egg an' de toas', an' she eat like she be starve, an' she say: "Dat ees like dey cook by my 'ome."

After dat, I drive 'roun' de lak', an' arrife on de littl' cottazhe w'ere live de t'ree Anglishmen. An' I spik wid one of dem abou' dat woman, an' 'e say: "'Er 'usban' ees one selfish brute."

I like dat Anglishman, an' I t'ink: "W'y she not see you before she marry wid eem?" For dat man was so 'andsome, so brav' an' so strong.

After dat I drive every day by 'er tent, an' wash de tings, an' cook somding dat she may eat. An' she grow more strong, an' bimeby she laugh, an' say she don' feel so lonesome.

After w'ile deir 'ouse arrife. Een de prairie, w'ere dere's not wood for buil' de 'ouse, dey buy de 'ouse een de city, an' 'e arrife all pack up, ready for put togedder.

De big Anglishman dat I lik' com' 'roun' de odder side of de lak', an' 'e 'elp 'er w'en she put de furnizhur een de 'ouse, an' w'en she laugh an' seem please, 'e watch 'er, an' de eye of eem grow sof', an' de sigh com' from ees 'eart. But she don know dat.

Many time 'e com' an' 'e read for 'er an' sing for 'er, an' sometime dey sing togedder. An' de color com' een er cheek, an' she look 'appy, an' 'e smile wid de sweet smile, an' I t'ink: "Ah, you would be de kin' 'usban'; you would be strong, you would be zhentil. But dat ees too late now."

One day w'en I arrife she look w'ite and stranzh. An', after w'ile, she put 'er arm roun' me an' cry: "Oh, Josèphe, Josèphe, I never t'ink dere was any wrong w'en 'e com' for see me, an' I tol' my 'usban' every time 'e com', an' 'e never say I do wrong for sing wid eem an' read wid eem. But las' night w'en my 'usban' arrife from de villazhe, 'e say dat de peopl' dere gosseep beees de Anglisman com' by dis 'ouse so many time' an' my 'usban' say: 'W'en dat man arrife 'ere, you tell 'eem 'e never darken dis door again.'"

Den she lay 'er 'ead by me, an' spik no more word; but I feel de meesairy een my 'eart for 'er.

Bimeby she say: "Josèphe, I want my modder. Eef my modder was by me, an' I spik wid 'er, eet 'elp me bear all dat."

Praysonly, I see de Anglisman com' up from de lak'.

Den dey spik togedder, an' de face of eem grow w'ite, an' de black com' een ees eye, an' de voice of eem trem'l; but I know not w'at 'e say.

Praysonly she say: 'Goodby, goodby forever. I t'ank you from my 'eart for all you 'af done. I know you are good. I know you are noble. I pray you may be 'appy."

I 'ear not de word 'e say; but de face of eem look like de face of de dead.

Den he go fast away by the lak', an' she keep 'er eye on dat little canoe dat carry eem over de lak'; for she know 'e com' back no more.

De nex' day I go by de cottazhe of de Anglismen for sell my egg and butter; an' dose odder two men tell me dat 'e leave dem an' go far, far away.

W'en many week go past, she say to me: "Bimeby, Josèphe w'en I 'old de little one een my arm, an' 'e learn for call me modder, I'll be not so lonesome."

But, ah me, w'en de day arrife, I know she'll never carry eem een 'er arm, an' 'e'll never call 'er modder.

I 'ear 'er say to me een de weak voice: "Josèphe, good Josèphe, bring my baby by me. I want for see de dear littl' face."

Den I tink my 'eart brak.

Praysonly de doctor, de doctor from de villazhe, go beside 'er, an' de tear ees een 'e's eye; for 'e tell 'er very zhentil date de life be gone out from dat littl' baby.

After dat, she remember nodding for many day.

W'en 'er sense com' to 'er once more, she say: "Josèphe, I cannot bear eet long. I go, I mus' go wid my baby."

Den I kiss 'er face, an' tell 'er: "Oh, you be better, ybu be better soon;" an' I leave 'er wid de woman dat com' from de villazhe for tak' care of 'er.

Nex' day, w'en I com' by de 'ouse, an' put my 'and on de door, somding mak' me feel cold an' shake.

An' w'en I walk een, she cry not: "Josèphe, good Josèphe," for she lie w'ite an' still on de bed, an' I know she ees wid 'er baby.

But I go not by de bed, for 'er 'usban' stan' dere w'ite an' still, as ees de dead woman.

De man, Tom, sit een kitzhen, an' 'e cry like de child; but 'e tell me de story.

De nurse woman sleep een de night, an' de lamp burn low. W'en she wake, she look on de bed, an' nodding lie dere, nodding dat live ees een de room wid 'er.

She wake every one; an' dey searsh de 'ouse, dey searsh de groun.'; at de las' dey fin' de footprint to de lak', an' een dat water she lie dead.

An' I say wid mysev: "God know dat all 'er trouble', all 'er lon'someness, destroy 'er min', so she no longer un'erstan' dat eet be sin for take 'er life so she go by 'er baby; an' I know een my 'eart God never punish 'er for dat; bacos He un'erstan'."

Den I make de prayer for 'er soul.

I go een de room w'ere 'er 'usban' stan', an' I remember dat 'e spoil 'er life, de life of dat woman I lofe, of dat woman dat lie dead, an' I care not eef my word be 'ard, eef my word be cruel; I want for 'urt eem eef I can.

'E draw eemsev back like de knife go t'rough eem, an' look een my eye like 'e stan' dere for let me pierce de 'eart of eem. But praysonly 'e cry: "Spik on, spik w'at you will! Nodding you say 'urt me more as de ting I say at mysev. I know at las' w'at she suffer. I know at las' w'at I 'ave done. Eef I could bring 'er back, I give my life for make 'er 'appy. But, oh, my God, eet ees too late, too late!"

Den 'e groan, an' 'ide de face een de 'ands, an 'e say, "De punishment ees greater dan I can bear."

"REG'LAR NOOSANCE I CALLS THEM 'ERE BICYCLERS. ONLY LAS' WEEK A YOUNG WOMAN RUNS PLUMP INTO ME, AN' WOT DID SHE SAY? 'EXCUSE ME? NO! WHAT DID SHE SAY? WHY, SHE SES, 'THANK 'EVIN YOU'RE A NOOMATIC!'"—(Sketch.

GOLD MINING IN CHINA.

AN ENGLISH COMPANY TO EXPLOIT ALLEGED ILLIMITABLE DEPOSITS.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

The appearance of a company for the purpose of gold mining in China is a decided novelty and marks a departure of considerable significance. The country is known to be rich in many and enormously rich in a few minerals. But hitherto little has been done even by the Chinese themselves to develop these valuable resources. Foreigners have, as we know, endeavored to benefit China as well as themselves by the opening up of the country by railways and the establishment of mining and manufacturing industries; but the intense hatred entertained toward Europeans by the official classes has in almost every individual instance defeated these good intentions. What diplomatic pressure, aided by liberal offerings of "palm oil," failed to do during thirty years or more has been accomplished, it would seem, by the issue of war with Japan. The Government has brought itself—very reluctantly, no doubt—to recognize the advantages of Western methods in peace, as well as in war; and the necessity of providing more revenue to meet Japan's bill of expenses has probably been impressed upon it forcibly by the European and American Ministers at Peking, who have also, we may suppose, pointed out the means whereby this additional revenue may ultimately be secured, and the condition of the whole people ameliorated. While it was able to secure the money it wanted by "squeezing" the lower officials, who in turn "squeezed" the poor, the Tsung-li-Yamen was too conservative to trouble about the exploitation of the mineral or other potentialities of the vast and unwieldy empire which it governed with no conspicuous success.

Matters, however, have changed. Hence the numerous railway concessions of which we have heard recently. Hence the establishment of a Bureau of Mines in Hunan, one of the principal coal-producing provinces, and hence, again, among other indications of progress which we need not enumerate, the granting of gold-mining rights to an English syndicate. As to the exact possibilities of China in this latter direction, not much that is definite can be said. Its annual output of gold is estimated, for statistical purposes, at the equivalent of the exports of that metal in the shape of bullion to Great Britain and India. In 1895 the total of these exports was 170,328 ounces. But, obviously, this can be accepted as no measure of the actual production—it is accepted only in default of more complete details, and because it is the sum that counts in the world's supply; the proportion retained in China being hoarded or converted into articles of personal ornamentation by such as can afford these luxuries. We ourselves are not disposed to believe the statement mentioned in the prospectus af the North China Gold Territories Development Company that 1,000,000 ounces are exported annually from China. We do not question the bona fides of the gentlemen responsible for the prospectus of this pioneer concern, but we doubt the accuracy of the State paper from which they say they have obtained these figures. We have seen what quantity was exported to Great Britain and India in 1895. Where did the rest go to? A total of close upon 830,000 ounces of fine gold can scarcely disappear every year without leaving any trace. The Oriental mind has a way of running riot in the contemplation of the precious metals and precious stones, and 1,000,000 ounces is a suspiciously round sum. If it be replied that the authority of a State paper is sufficient, one has ready the answer that a Chinese State paper does not carry with it, to our mind, at least, the same authority as, say, a British State paper.

MODERN METHODS TO BE USED.

A'l the same, we have evidence enough, on the authority of European travellers, of the auriferous richness of certain parts of the Chinese Empire. The observations of these gentlemen in loco go to show that a large quantity of gold might be won by the aid of modern machinery. Such gold as is now obtained in the North, and in the provinces of Yunnan and Szechwan in the Southwest, and of Shansi to the north of the Yellow River, and south of the capital, is mined by the most primitive methods, which are inconsistent with the complete extraction of the gold, and consequently with the most satisfactory returns. Apart from the washings along the Kin-cha-Kiang, which finally becomes the Yang-tse-Kiang, the gold region of which we know most is that located in the Northwest, some portion of which the development company proposes to exploit. If the samples assayed, "from the dumps rejected by the Chinese," on behalf of this company represent anything like an average, it must be allowed that the prospects are encouraging. It is certain that long before this syndicate was ever thought of, fair-sized nuggets came down from the "gold mountains" along with the miscellaneous takings, and it is certain, too, that in spite of the waste by the miners, respectable quantities of gold are brought into Peking every year from the Government's private mines, which are located in the same region. For our own part, we should not expect much from washings. Though many natives up and down contrive to make a living by this means, it is more than doubtful if the deposits from the mountains of Thibet, of which we are told, are large enough to repay an English company for the working of them. The real richness lies in quartz: the only trouble is to come across it, for knowledge happens to be shadowy. It may be said for the English syndicate which is asking the public to subscribe £375,000, that it has plenty of ground to work over, seeing that the concession covers thirty thousand square miles. The great drawback consists in the surpassingly bad state of the communications and the remoteness of the district. The nearest point lies three hundred miles to the north—or should it be northwest?—of Peking, and the roads in this part of the country are the worst in all China, which is saying a good deal. From the seaport of Tien-Tsin, says the prospectus, "the introduction of machinery is easy by rail and road." Travel by road is not insuperable, of course, but it is not easy; and will some one kindly inform us where is the railway to the gold region of Eastern Mongolia? It must be remembered, too, that these mines are situated in a district inhabited by people not fond of the Fan-Kwei, and not readily amenable to rule. And, by the way, will the promoters be so good as to tell us the exact location of their property? Eastern Mongolia is a trifle vague as an address, and the more or less "well-proven gold-bearing territories" extend well into Western Siberia.

NOT YET IN EVIDENCE.

From The Cincinnati Tribune.

"Has Bigmoney any poor relatives?"

"He doesn't know. He isn't dead yet."